

MARY KELLARD BEHIND BARS FOR AIDING IN A FORGERY.



Miss Mary M. Kellard, Who Spent Millionaire Wood's Fortune, Under Arrest.

Woman Who Swindled That She Might Help Fallen Women.

BARBARA AUB'S CONFESSOR

She Wrecked Millionaire William G. Wood When She Was a Tombs Angel.

Mary M. Kellard was arrested yesterday and taken to the Mercer Street Police Station on a bench warrant issued from the Court of General Sessions in December, 1896, soon after her indictment by the Grand Jury on the charge of "aiding and abetting" a forgery.

This is the notorious Mary Kellard whose entirely sensational career includes the financial wrecking of William G. Wood and the rescue of Walter L. S. Langerman on the day that he was to have been sentenced to prison upon conviction of the charge of assault upon Barbara Aub, who was suddenly possessed with the idea of a peculiar case upon which she was indicted as accessory to a forgery.

A score or more of charges of swindling of various kinds and degrees have been made against this remarkable Kellard woman, but so far as is known only the peculiar case upon which she was indicted was ever carried to the Grand Jury, for she secured a peculiar almost a mysterious influence over her many victims which kept them out of the Grand Jury room.

Case Strange Enough.

The case presented to the Grand Jury was strange enough in itself, and in all its aspects characteristic of the woman's career. While she was yet in the enjoyment of a large but not always regular income from her richest victim, Wood, Mary Kellard was suddenly possessed with the idea of a peculiar case upon which she was indicted as accessory to a forgery.

But at that time there occurred one of the occasional lapses into imprudence which afflicted her. She was then called upon him for funds Wood undertook to raise \$2,000 by his favorite method of forging his wife's name to a number of notes. Among the people who were called upon for cash accommodation in this matter was a plumber, one John Boyd, of No. 274 Columbus avenue, a New York collector of a fleet of No. 304 Columbus avenue, had undertaken to find the money on Wood's forged notes and obtained some of it by pledging pawn tickets to Boyd to facilitate this transaction Mary Kellard, the woman of strange freaks, turned over to Boyd for \$30 the harp. It was when Mrs. Wood refused to pay these forged notes, and Wood was arrested on Mrs. Spencer's complaint that the Grand Jury took official notice of Mary Kellard's part in the transaction and found the indictment against her, upon which the bench warrant was issued.

Wood an "Easy Mark."

Even with the career of Mrs. Dine de Barr in mind, it is safe to say that the criminal history of New York records no parallel to Mary Kellard's career of swindling and confidence games. She is about thirty years old, although she said to the police yesterday she was only twenty-five. She is believed to be a native of New York, but she claims to be a New York native. After receiving a public school education, she obtained employment in a downtown business office, but left the transaction and found the acquaintance of William G. Wood, which important event in her career occurred ten years ago. Wood was the son of a wealthy Harlem builder, who left a fortune of \$1,000,000, half of which was inherited by Mary Kellard's protector, the old builder's son. Wood always had been considered by the men and women of the town who lived by their wits what they would describe as an "easy mark." But not one of the charmers who had assisted in plucking him had ever made such whole-gate drafts upon his resources as did Mary Kellard. A few estimates of what she obtained from him is \$150,000. This was not all in money. During her relations with him she obtained no less than three houses and lots one each in West Forty-ninth street, West Seventy-fourth street and West Seventy-eighth street. All of these, by the way, she promptly mortgaged for all she could get upon them. In the course of time she exerted such an influence over Wood that he gave her "his signed note with the amount of his left hand."

But even the enormous contribution made to her from this source did not satisfy the demands made upon her in a

The Murderer of Policeman Smith Determined to Starve Himself.

REFUSES TO TOUCH FOOD.

Declares That He Will Not Eat Unless the Prison Officials Force Him To.

AT THE BIER OF THE MARTYR.

Neighbors in Great Number Visit the Home of Mrs. Smith to Look Upon the Face in the Coffin.

"SURE, I killed the policeman," said Fritz Meyer in the Tombs corridor yesterday afternoon. "I don't deny it. I don't want to deny it. I am sorry I did it, but I know that doesn't help me. I took a chance for further life, and lost it. That ends everything."

Meyer is the burglar that killed Policeman Fred Smith in the Church of the Holy Redeemer in East Third street. "I am doomed to death," he continued, "and I want to die as soon as possible. The quick way in which they have got me up for trial pleases me. If I can starve myself to death right now I shall be better pleased, but I suppose those doctors won't let me. I have eaten nothing now since Sunday, and I won't eat. They will have to stuff food down my throat to keep me alive."

"I hear that the police say I showed fear when the crowd yelled 'lynch him' as I came out of the station house this morning. They lie. I would have welcomed it, because I would not then have to sit alone for months and wait for the electric chair. I took all my chances into consideration when I started out to steal a month ago. I took \$120—all I had—to buy a revolver from a second-hand shop in Park row, and I made up my mind to use it on anybody if I was detected, and if by using it I would have a chance for further freedom. I had never been in jail, and I would rather die a thousand times over than suffer a long term of imprisonment."

Tried to Live Honestly.

"When I bought the revolver I had been trying since August to make some kind of a living in this city. I am not a skilled workman, and though I got occasional jobs at doing dirty work, cleaning out saloons, shovelling dirt and the like, I could get no steady work. Once I got a job as a boot carrier, but I was bounced two days later because I had no money to join the union."

"No, I want tell you where I had these jobs. What's the use? Some of the men

peculiar line of expenditure, the most peculiar thing by the way about her, which will be explained later. She established credit in scores of fashionable shops, notably in such jewelry shops as Gattie's, Schumann's, Reiman's and others from zigzags its way through the Tenderloin. From these and from other fashionable shops she obtained thousands of dollars' worth of jewelry and furs, all of which she promptly pawned. What did she do with all the money?

Woman's Amazing Whims.

This leads to that amazing side of this amazing woman's life. One of her whims led to Mary Kellard one night into a Salvation Army barracks. Her emotional nature, and she was interested especially in the work by the personal appeal of an English Salvationist named Susan Wray. In view of all that followed there can now be no doubt that Mary Kellard became an honest convert to the Salvation Army work. That is, she was sincere in her conversion so far as it went. It did not keep her from her numerous swindling operations. She is said to have given to Susan Wray not less than \$5,000 for the Salvation work in this city. She obtained from Wood a piece of land and a house in Bedford Park, where she established a refuge for fallen women. She assisted Mrs. Whittemore in establishing another refuge in this city, the Poor of Hope, and she became an active worker among women prisoners until she was known as a Tombs angel, as while she was engaged in this

MEYER FEELS THE JOURNAL THAT HE CHEAT THE DEADLY CHAIR.

JUDGE VAN WYCK SENDS \$100 FOR BRAVE POLICEMAN SMITH.

HEADQUARTERS
ROBERT A. VAN WYCK,
BARTHOLOI HOTEL,
BROADWAY AND 23D STREET,
TELEPHONE NO. 576-1811 ST.

The Editor,
"New York Journal."

Dear Sir:
Enclosed herewith is the sum of one hundred dollars which please place to the credit of the fund for the family of Officer Fred Smith.

Your undertaking to provide for the family of this officer who lost his life in so shocking a manner while performing his duty must meet with general approval, and I hope that the amount realized will be sufficient to place Mrs. Smith and her children forever beyond the reach of poverty.

Such a striking illustration of the fidelity and courage of the men who, composing the finest police force in the world, daily risk their lives in our behalf, should not go unrecognized. No evidence of our appreciation can be too great, and I feel sure that the public will respond to your call quickly and with characteristic New York generosity.

Very truly yours,
Robert A. Van Wyck

The Evening Journal's fund for the family of Policeman Smith is larger by \$100. Judge Van Wyck is the generous giver. Smith was shot down by the thief who was trying to rob the poor box in the Church of the Holy Redeemer. His family are left with but little. His bravery entitles them to aid. In recognition of this, Judge Van Wyck sent the above letter with \$100 to the fund.

were kind to me, and there is always a stain attached to one who has even known a murderer. They will probably never hear of this, because as I don't mind telling you, my right name is not Fritz Meyer.

"I will never tell my right name, because I have a wife and three children—two girls and a boy—in age from two to six years. I hate my wife, and I wouldn't care what happened to her, but I can't see any use in exposing the kids to the taunt, 'Your father was a murderer!' Oh, they are either here or in Philadelphia or somewhere between. I don't know exactly, and I don't care. They want to know me from my published pictures, because I've used a razor lately. I had friends, too, once, who would probably try to help me now, but what's the use? I used to belong to a singing society in Brooklyn up to twelve years ago, but if any member did find me out and come here I would refuse to see him."

"I am an atheist, and I have no fear of death, except that it's a stopping of life, and I would rather live. A clergyman tried to give me consolation here this afternoon and I wouldn't have it. I told him if he set me free I'd listen, but if he couldn't he had better get out and don't worry me. I wish to God that other busybodies would let me alone, too. I have staked my last die and lost. Now the sooner I die the better."

A Dismal Philosophy.
"Why do I talk so freely to you? Why, simply because you are a workman going about your duty. I'll help you the same as a few white people have at times helped me. But people like that idiot of a lawyer who poked himself into the case to-day and is going to make me go to the Supreme Court in the morning makes me sick. He is as bad as the minister. I told him I wanted him to leave me alone, and I will never talk to him, even. The Judge to-day gave me a lawyer to defend me, and I'll talk to him, but I won't give him any chance to defend me. I repeat it now: I shot the policeman in the hope that I might escape. I am sorry, but then he was only a unit of humanity, the same as I am. He had a family; so have I. He was about his work; so was I. He died; so will I. And the world will go on just the same."

"No, I don't know anything about the Brooklyn church murder, nor any other one of the murders the police are trying to fasten on me. If I did I might just as well tell of them, mightn't I? I can be killed only once, if I had committed 10,000 murders. I do admit that I have committed several burglaries lately, but I had to live. They were all small ones, and I don't see any use of telling about them, because I might bring in other unfortunate on whom the police have not yet laid hands."

"Yes, I was born in Germany. I wish I could talk as well in English as I can in German. I want tell you the town, because my mother is still alive. I came back about fifteen years ago and lived in Bushwick avenue, Williamsburg, for seven years; then I came to New York and lived the 'Baroness' afterward said that Mary Kellard was with her then in the capacity of maid."

Where Mary Kellard has been since and what she has been doing will be part of the story, no doubt, of her trial.

HIS SWEETHEART'S CASH.

Dr. Follette, of Kingston, Pockets Miss Connors's Savings—Claims They Belong to Him.

Kingston, N. Y., Oct. 28.—Miss Margaret Connors, a young and comely woman of Poughkeepsie, had begun an action against Dr. H. A. Follette, a well-known physician here, to recover \$55, which she claims he pocketed, and refuses to give to her. The story of the case is that Miss Connors, who was the sweetheart of the physician, had \$55 which she had given to a young lady friend to keep for her, as she feared she might lose the money if she kept it herself. One day recently, while Miss Connors was visiting Dr. Follette in his office on Broadway, her lady friend entered and said she was going to leave the city for a few days and wished to return the money that had been entrusted to her care.

Then placing the roll of bills upon the table, she left the office. Before Miss Connors had time to secure the money herself, she claims, the physician seized the bills and pocketed them, refusing absolutely to refund the money, although she begged him

along the fur West Side. I was a common laborer all this time, but I didn't kick at my wages as long as I had work.

Work His Ambition.
"I had a good job once, too, but a crooked boss got me out. I lived in New York seven years and went to San Francisco three years ago. I had no luck there and went to Philadelphia about two years ago. There I had the fight with my wife. She left me. I won't say why—for a good many reasons. It was seven months ago."

"No, I did not try to rob the church because I was an atheist. I simply tried it because I thought it would be easy. I had made very little out of my other burglaries, and for three nights before the last affair I walked the streets, cold, sleepy and hungry. I even tried begging, but was unsuccessful. I saw that the church in Third street had plenty of people going in and I figured that it would have a full poor box. If I had got away with what it contained I might have lived till I got a job. I didn't. I've killed a man and I've got to die."

"I make no kick. It's life just as I have found it. This fellow Pullman killed 100 men, but he died comfortably in a million-dollar house. He had better luck and maybe more brains than me; that's all. All his riches couldn't keep him alive, and I'll die just as easy as him. He lived the longer and had plenty to eat, but that's the only way he was luckier. I had trouble with my wife, but he had trouble with his children. You see I'm fingered. Four years ago, when I had a \$1 a day job in a quarry, a stone fell on it. Did I get any sympathy or help? Not on your life. I was bounced on the spot, was cursed for a clumsy fool and got only 50 cents for that last day, because the accident occurred at 2 p. m."

"Don't give me any sympathy. I don't want it. Under similar circumstances I would do over again exactly what I did Tuesday morning. The policeman stood between me and liberty, with the chance for good luck that is always lying around."

"I am sorry I killed the poor chap, but he is only one of the millions of human ants in this ant hill, and I don't think his loss will make any particular stir in what the preachers call Heaven. All I hope is that I will be rushed to the chair quick, and that no one will ever find out who I really am."

"Thinks a Lot."

The man who talked in this extraordinary manner yesterday is a bullet-headed German, about five feet ten inches tall and weighing about 150 pounds. He is small-boned and flat chested, and is just the stamp of man to depend on a weapon to get him out of a scrape. His face is strongly lined, as if by worry, and the skin is an unwholesome yellow. His forehead is low and retreating, but there is great width to it at the temples. His eyes are small, but they are steady, and he looks straight at the person to whom he is talking. His English is exceptional for a man of his class, but he has not been able to get rid of a strong accent. He is deliberate in the extreme, speaking very slowly. He is about forty years old and is partially bald. His hair and mustache are light brown and stubby. He wore a suit of black clothes in very fair condition, and if, as he says, he has eaten nothing since Saturday, he must have been well nourished before that. As he talked to the Journal reporter, he seemed thoroughly at ease and puffed away at the cigar presented to him with the air of a connoisseur. He said he had received little education in Germany, but that he had been a great reader, and that Kant, Schlegel, Liebknecht and Schopenhauer had been his favorites. He said he had learned to speak English easily, but had never been able to learn to read or write it.

"I think a lot, though," said he, "and when a man has read a dozen good books carefully he will have lots to think of for the rest of his life."

Meyer really seems to be absolutely unconcerned about his fate, and to be anxious only to get out of the world. He will not be permitted to starve himself. Dr. Bass, the Tombs physician, will see to that, and he will probably go quietly to his meals when he finds that he must.

Justice Swift.

His wish to find speedy death is in a fair way to be granted. At 1 o'clock yesterday afternoon, thirty-six hours after the murder, he was held by a coroner's jury, indicted by the Grand Jury, had pleaded (through counsel) not guilty in the Court of General Sessions, and had had his trial set for the Criminal Branch of the Supreme Court next Monday morning.

On the request of his assigned counsel, Stephen J. O'Hare, District-Attorney Olcott agreed that that day should be devoted only to the getting of a jury. Tuesday is a holiday, so the trial will begin Wednesday morning. Assistant District-Attorney Carpenter, who has the case to prosecute, does not believe that it will take more than one day, and that the end of the week will see Meyer sentenced and on his way to Murderer's Row in Sing Sing.

At the home of the murdered policeman yesterday a crowd went in and out from dawn to midnight to look upon the face in the coffin. The feeling for Fred Smith in the Tompkins Square neighborhood is furiously strong, and it took all the station reserve to keep back the mob that surged forward and screamed "lynch him" yesterday morning, when Meyer was taken away in the patrol wagon to the Tombs.

The funeral promises to be the largest ever held in that part of the city. Even the children of the Fifth and First street schools (public) and the Fourth street school (parochial) are to put in their pennies to-day to buy flowers for "Uncle Fritz's" coffin. Three bands have volunteered their services, and the City Lodge of Masons will parade in a body, as will the Patrolmen's association. Every man who can be spared from the station will attend under Captain Herlihy, and there is much discussion as to the eight who shall secure the honor of pallbearers. The interment will be in Lutheran Cemetery.

Widow's Fund Growing.

Mrs. Smith was induced to take an opiate last night and close her eyes for the first time since the shock of her husband's death. She said yesterday that it was only the great amount of sympathy that was

being shown to her in her grief that kept her up so well.

"I am overwhelmed with kindnesses," she said, "and the Journal's fund for me has been the kindest of all. While Fred always gave me every cent of his salary that I asked for, I could never get him to save anything, although he rarely spent any money on himself. He used to say, 'Well, mother, I guess the best use for money is to help less lucky folks. Some day we may need help, you know.'"

His great-heartedness is coming back doubled over to me, and the Journal fund will keep me from having to ask a penny from any one for my exceptional expenses now."

The fund started by the Evening Journal is being swollen by many eager contributors.

A contribution which was received last night was that of Robert A. Van Wyck, Democratic candidate for Mayor. Enclosed in a brief letter, expressing appreciation of the Evening Journal's enterprises was a crisp, new \$100 bill. The fund last night stood as follows:

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HARRY A. HANBURY.....25
JOHN D. CHIMMINS.....10
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TIMOTHY D. SULLIVAN.....25
JOSEPH HOWARD, JR.....25
GEN. JAMES R. O'BRIEN.....10
P. T. LYDENDECKER, M. D.....25
A. W., 340 BROADWAY.....1
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Total.....\$507

Even if Fritz Meyer was not the murderer of Reinfried Steitz, it is believed that his trial and the facts since brought to light will lead to the capture of the guilty persons. It was suspected that Meyer was in some way connected with the murder of the amount of \$100,000, and that Dr. Requesens and his sweetheart, Mrs. Reine, had taken the money. It was rightly believed that the money was rightfully his, as for a long time past he had paid for Miss Connors's clothes and cared for her. Miss Connors is a well known young woman, pretty, and of good character. Some time ago Dr. Follette was arrested for practicing medicine without a diploma. He cleared himself of the charge. The suit for the recovery of the money included to will be tried Saturday.

TO LOOK FOR ANDREE.

Explorer Brakmo Sailing for Spitzbergen to Investigate the Truth of the Most Recent Story About Him.

Christiania, Oct. 28.—Dispatches received here from the Island of Vardoe, in the Arctic Ocean, off Finnmark, which, with Vardoehus, is the most northern fort in Europe, say the public there is fully convinced of the truth of the report that a whaling ship-sighted Professor Andree's balloon floating on September 23, near Prince Charles promontory, Spitzbergen. The news has caused considerable depression among the friends of Professor Andree.

Brakmo, the Arctic explorer, proposed to

WOODED HIS WIFE FOR CORRUPTION AND TOOK HER IN HIS ARMS.



Mrs. Lulu Jennison Field, Who Attempted Suicide at the Astor House.

Assassin Has No Remorse, and Declares He Would Repeat the Crime.

IS A GRIM PHILOSOPHER.

Driven to Outlawry, He Says, by Inability to Live by Honest Toil.

VAN WYCK HELPS THE WIDOW.

The Democratic Candidate for Mayor Adds \$100 to the Fund Started by the Evening Journal—Mrs. Smith Comforted.

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All His Tender Words Met with Bitterly Cruel Replies.

"I DO NOT LOVE YOU."

Tenor of the Plaintiff of the Woman Who Tried to Kill Herself in the Astor House.

"I shall never live with you again. You have wronged me and lied to me for eight years. We must separate forever."

With a dramatic wave of the hand, Mrs. Lulu Jennison Field uttered these words in the Centre Street Police Court yesterday morning, and dismissed her husband from her side. She is the young woman who attempted suicide at the Astor House on Wednesday afternoon. First she sent a telegram to her husband Walter D. Field, in Newark, N. J., telling him that she was ill. It was his timely telephone message to the clerk of the hotel that saved her life, for immediately on its receipt her room door was forced open and she was found lying on the bed with a handkerchief saturated with chloroform over her face.

Mrs. Field had not fully recovered from the shock when arraigned on a charge of attempted suicide before Magistrate Mott. She was seated within the railing when her husband rushed into the court room, and without regard to the dignity of his surroundings threw his arms about her and fell weeping on her breast.

"Oh, why did you do it, Lulu?" he sobbed.

"Because I do not want to live with you any longer. I don't love you," replied the woman hysterically.

"Oh, my dearest wife, you do not know what you are saying," cried the agonized husband, as the tears rolled down his cheeks.

"Yes, I do," answered the wife. "I am not crazy, never have been. I tell you, I live with you again. You have been untrue to me. I can prove it."

"Try to be calm," said the husband, who was with her an expert chemist of New York, "and I will have nothing more to do with you."

"Think of our children at home. They are crying for you. Won't you tell the Magistrate that you took the medicine by mistake?"

"I will do anything for the children," said Mrs. Field, "but I will never live with you again. I don't love you any longer, and I will have nothing more to do with you."

All the husband's pleading could not overcome the angry woman. She upbraided him, scorned him, and his gentlest touch seemed like a sting to her. Mr. Field, who is an expert chemist of New York, then turned to the court attaches and told the following story:

"My wife left home suddenly yesterday afternoon. When she had gone was a mystery to me. The first intimation I had that anything was wrong was the receipt of the telegram. Then I knew at once that the old trouble had attacked her again. I hurried to the nearest telephone station and called up the Astor House, feeling that she intended to do away with herself unless prevented. Fortune aided me, and her life was saved. She has had an attack of this kind before. Ever since our last child was born, nine months ago, she has been acting queerly at times. Even before that I noticed that she was strange. I have always been attentive to her and am worried almost to death over her affliction. We have been married seven years. About five years ago we came from the West and settled in Newark. If I could only induce her to return home with me I would place her in the German Hospital there and have an operation performed that physicians say is necessary to restore her to her former good health. I will have the two children sent to my brother's, where they will be well taken care of. The statements of my wife that I have lied to her and deceived her are an indication of her unsoundness of mind."

Field is a man of education and apparent refinement. He is about thirty-five years of age, while his wife, who is handsome, is twenty-seven. He repeated his story to Magistrate Mott when the woman was arraigned on the charge of attempted suicide. With insanity that she might be committed to Bellevue Hospital and have her case inquired into by the Insane Commission.

Magistrate Mott committed the woman to Bellevue for examination, though she persists that she is not insane.